

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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MARTYRS.

It has always seemed to me as if the birds knew when it was Sunday. They come to your door-step with such entire confidence on that day, and they perch upon the trees or shrubs that are nearest to your house, and they seem to prefer a branch that looks into your very chamber window as though they were sure that no one could object to their presence or think them impertinent intruders, and they sing as if their hearts could not contain the fulness of their joy. Whether it is that they know that on Sunday there are no sportsmen for them to fear, or whether in this quiet breathing time taken from our busy life, we listen more attentively to the voices of nature, I leave for wiser heads than mine to tell. Certain it is that the Sunday in the country is different from any other day, and the birds do seem to congregate and sing on that morning as they do on none other in the week. So thought the mother and her son whom we introduced

to our readers in our last number, and whom we find again sitting at an open window that looked into a garden, silently but joyfully listening to their untaught music, which was yet such as Ole Bull might be proud to equal.

At last the boy broke silence: "Mother," said he, "was not Casabianca a martyr as much as Jephthah's daughter was?"

"Yes, dear, he chose to die rather than leave his post without his father's permission."

"That was dying for a principle, was it not, mother?"

"Yes, William, and for that we honor the brave, noble-hearted boy, although his death could not do any good except as an example."

William repeated the whole poem, which he knew well by heart. As he recited the last lines,

"But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart,"

the tears filled his eyes as he said, "His heart did not perish, mother, did it?"

"Surely not, my son; this boy's death was a lesson of immortality; such a heart as his we feel could not die. Mrs. Hemans meant only his material heart through which the blood flows, but the faithful heart never perishes."

"Now, mother, for another story about martyrs."

"I will tell you the story of Stephen, who was supposed to be the first Christian martyr. After the death of Jesus, the number of believers in his words and mission greatly increased. Many who were ignorant inquired of his doctrines, and became convinced of their truth; many who had been timid grew bold, for his heroic

sufferings touched their hearts and waked up all that was noble in their natures. Many who doubted of immortality became convinced by the declaration of the apostles that Christ was risen, that there was no death to the soul, so that the converts to Christianity became very numerous.

The apostles, from the hour when Jesus died, seemed to have lost their weakness and fears, and to have consecrated themselves to the work which he had begun and which he had bequeathed to them. They chose one to take the place of Judas, who, in the agony of his remorse for betraying his Master had destroyed himself, and they labored so diligently and faithfully that the converts became so numerous that they wanted more teachers of his doctrine in order to satisfy the demands of the people. It is evident that their instructions were not limited to the Sunday, for it is said that the number of the disciples was so multiplied, that their 'widows were neglected in the daily ministration.' It is also very evident that the death of Jesus was much dwelt upon, and that it was very frequently commemorated in the ordinance of the supper as we call it. For it is said that the apostles appointed from out of the number of their disciples, "seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, to aid them in serving the tables," that is, in serving the bread and wine to those who wished to celebrate the death of Jesus, in order that they might give themselves up wholly to the ministry of the word. Among those whom they chose for this purpose was Stephen, who, it is said, was "full of faith and power and did great miracles among the people," so that "they were not able to resist the wisdom and spirit by which he spoke." Doubtless Stephen, like the Master whom he served, rebuked the

prevailing sins of people in power, and preached the truth without fear or favor; this they could not bear, and they bribed men to say that he spoke blasphemous words against Moses and against God; and they stirred up the people and the elders and the scribes, and came upon him, and caught him, and brought him to the council, and they set up false witnesses which said, "This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law. For we have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us."

And how did Stephen receive these charges? did he deny his faith? did he strive to gain favor with his accusers? did he take thought for his life, though he must have seen how fast its ebbing sands were passing away? No! See how calmly he stands before those evil men who he knew were thirsting for his blood. It is said, "And all that sat in the council looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

"Then said the high priest to him, Are these things so?" Let us look at him now, as he rises with this angelic look and angelic sweetness and dignity to make his defence. What does he say? Does he try to conciliate his enemies? does he apologize for his words and doings? He begins,

"Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken"—and then he goes on to relate the history of their nation from the time of their father Abraham, the whole of which history shows them to have been a stiff-necked, hard-hearted, selfish people, unworthy of, and insensible to, their many blessings; when he comes to the time of Solomon and speaks of his building a house for God, he adds, "How-

beit, the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands, as saith the prophet :

Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool : what house will ye build me ? saith the Lord : or what is the place of my rest ?

Hath not my hand made all these things ?”

The inspired disciple goes on, and unappalled by the presence of the High Priest and men in power and the furious multitude which he saw were ready to destroy him he says to them, “ Ye stiff-necked, uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost.

As your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted ? and they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One, of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers.

Who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it.”

How did his accusers receive his words ? did they defend themselves ? could they deny his charges ? did they repent when their consciences told them his words were true ? No ; it is said that “ When they heard these things they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth.” Did their fury terrify the faithful disciple ? The story relates that “ He being full of the Holy Spirit, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.” His face glowing with the joyful vision of his risen Master, he stood calmly before his cruel enemies, ready to be offered up a sacrifice to truth. But nothing could touch their hard and prejudiced hearts. “ They cried out with a loud voice and stopped their ears and ran upon him with one accord,

and they stoned Stephen while he was calling upon God and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this he fell asleep."

There was a deep silence for a few minutes after the mother had finished the story of the martyrdom of Stephen, and the sound of the rustling leaves and the singing of the birds seemed only the "echo of tranquillity." The sweet spirit of the angelic martyr was present with the mother and her son as they sat thinking over the beautiful, though tragic story of his death. At last William said, "I don't feel so unhappy about this story, mother, as I did about the death of Jephthah's daughter. There is something beautiful in this, and it seemed so right that Stephen should do and say just what he did, and he had not the dreadful pain of being killed by one who loved him. It seems to me I could more easily do as Stephen did than as Jephthah's daughter did, and I am sure I could more easily do as those wicked, angry men did, and stone any one because he told me disagreeable things, than I could do what Jephthah did. What is the reason of this, mother, for I am sure Jephthah was not so wicked as the men that killed Stephen?"

"The reason is, my dear, that you can more easily sympathize with angry passions, than you can understand such a perverted notion of duty. The gentle faithfulness of Stephen, united to his fearlessness in rebuking his countrymen, and his angelic love and pity, we can all understand; we all acknowledge its object as a worthy one; we almost feel willing he should die; but we feel as if the heroic self-forgetting love, and patriotic devotion

of the noble Hebrew girl was wasted on an unworthy object. In order to do her justice, we must turn our thoughts away from her and her father's mistaken notions of duty, and do homage to, and rejoice in the glorious power of self-sacrifice which she manifested as truly as did the faithful Stephen. We must reverence, while we pity her poor father who thought he was pleasing God when he sacrificed his child. While we condemn his superstition, and his thoughtless, selfish vow, let us rejoice that we have juster views of what is pleasing to God; that we have learned from Jesus that He desires not the death of any one, but that the living sacrifice of a pure and holy life is the most acceptable offering we can make to the Father of our spirits."

"When will you tell me another martyr story, mother?"

"Some other time, William."

E. L. F.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

[We think that many of our young friends may be interested in the following extract from St. Chrysostom, which breathes the very odor of the first ages of the Church.]

'He shall render unto every one according to his works.' "I always hear this declaration with shuddering, not being myself of the number of those who are already crowned. For who may not well tremble at it, when he retires into his own conscience? Who may not feel, that

he has more need of sackcloth and fasting, than had the people of Nineveh? Here, the danger is not the destruction of a city nor a temporal death, but everlasting punishment and unquenchable fire. I can therefore admire and approve of the monks, who repaired to deserts chiefly on this account. After dinner, or rather, after supper, (as dinner was a meal with which they were unacquainted)—after supper they were accustomed to repeat a form of thanksgiving to God, in which these words were remembered. And if ye wish to hear their hymn, that ye may continually make use of it for yourselves, I will recite to you the whole of their sacred ode.* Its words, were these, ‘Blessed be the God who hath nourished me from my youth, who giveth food to all flesh—may he fill our hearts with joy and gladness, so that always having all contentment, we may abound in every good work, through Jesus Christ our Lord, with whom to thee and the Holy Spirit, be glory, honor and power forever, Amen. Glory be to thee, O Lord! Glory be to thee, Thou Holy One! Glory be to thee, O King, because thou hast given us food for our enjoyment. Fill us with the holy spirit, that we may be found acceptable before thee, and may not be ashamed when *Thou shalt render to every one according to his works.*’ The whole hymn is worthy of admiration, but particularly the conclusion; for as the pleasures of the table tend to relax and stupefy us, these words were imposed as a bridle on the soul, bringing into mind the judgment, at the very time of sensual indulgence.”

* The word is probably applied to this form of devotion, because it was chanted.

MOTHER, I DREAMT OF THEE.

From the Manchester Guardian, (England.)

I DREAMT of a land 'neath a sunny sky ;
I dreamt of a spot where my fathers lie ;
Holy and bright was the vision to me,
For, mother, sweet mother, I dreamt of thee !

I gazed on the home where my childhood ranged,
All was familiar, the land was unchanged ;
And I saw the light of the sunbeams fall
On the old lime-trees, by the garden wall.

I heard the wild gush of the waters free,
And the murmuring hum of the summer bee ;
But music far sweeter bid me rejoice,
O mother, my mother, it was thy voice !

I dreamt that I sat 'neath the blossoming tree ;
What then were the cares of a false world to me ?
I felt that a soft hand was pressing mine,
O mother, dear mother, that hand was thine !

There was music low in the poplar trees,
There was singing sweet in the passing breeze ;
And I dreamt that the land was bright and fair,
O mother, my mother, for thou wert there !

Too soon, too soon, has that vision fled ;
I woke but to weep for the long-lost dead :
Too soon has the dream of my childhood flown,
Thou hast left me, mother—I'm all alone.

EVA.

ELLEN SEWARD;

OR

"A PLACE FOR EVERY THING, AND EVERY THING IN ITS PLACE."

"Who has taken my India-rubber?" said little Ellen, very hastily running into the room where her mother and sister were at work. "I put them yesterday, I am certain, into the shoe-cupboard when I came home from Louisa's, and now only one is there."

"Perhaps you did not put the other there," replied Mrs. Seward.

"But I am perfectly certain I did, mother; I remember, as if it were this moment, opening the cupboard door while Mary was going up stairs."

"I saw you do that," said Mary.

"There, mother, you see Mary agrees to what I say."

"No, no, Ellen; I do not say I saw you put your shoes there; that is another thing."

"Come, my daughter," called Mr. Seward, "if I wait five minutes longer, I shall be too late."

"Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do? I shall be left, for father says it is too wet to go without my overshoes;—the plaguy things! I do wish they would keep in their own place."

Mrs. Seward and Mary hastened to assist the careless little girl in looking for the lost shoe, sorry for her trouble, but scarce forbearing to smile at the thought of any thing which belonged to her keeping its place. They searched in all places probable and improbable; upper chambers, kitchen, library, store-closet; nowhere was

the missing shoe to be found; and all the while Ellen was positively certain that she had put it in its right place, and that somebody must have carried it off. The long-expected visit which she was to make with her father to an aunt in the country, to whose house she was to go by railroad to pass the day, was lost; for the cars wait for no one, and her father having staid for her as long as possible, went alone. Many tears the disappointed girl shed as she saw him turn the corner of the street, and knew she must give up what she had anticipated with such delight. She could not think it was her own fault, and occupied herself with trying to imagine who might have been the author of the trouble.

"I think George must have moved it," concluded she, after many suppositions which were proved not supposable, "for he is the only one not at home while we have been looking for it."

Filled with this idea, she waited impatiently her brother's return from school, prepared to make him feel very sorry that he should have deprived her of so much pleasure, by meddling with what did not belong to him. The time seemed to lag very slowly; she walked to and from the window, and listened for the opening of the street-door. Presently the familiar whistle and quick step upon the stair announced the returning school-boy; and hastening to meet him, more than half angry, she exclaimed,

"Now, George, where have you put my over-shoe?"

"Why what is the driving hurry now?" said he, after he had whistled the tune to the end; "if you mean what you took off yesterday in the yard, I put it then just where you asked me to, on Boatswain's kennel."

Ellen's face crimsoned with mortification as she caught her mother's glance, and thought how positive she had been in asserting what was really untrue. All the forgotten circumstances flashed upon her recollection at once. She had indeed gone to the proper place to put her shoes; but at the moment she had taken one off, she remembered that George had made a slide that morning in the yard; so with one India-rubber still on, she ran out to look at it; seeing him there, she engaged at once in sliding; but finding the over-shoe in the way gave it to him to put on the kennel till she was ready to go into the house, and did not think of it again till summoned by her father.

"Oh! how provoking!" she exclaimed, when the first feeling of shame had passed; "why could not I have remembered that, and so saved all this hunting for nothing?"

"Ah, my daughter, you will have a great amount to burden your memory with, if you continue this bad habit of leaving things out of place. It is already vexatious to yourself and troublesome to all the family; it may some time cause you great suffering."

"Well, mother, I do hate to be so particular about every thing, and I do not see the use of it. When I am a woman, then I will do as you often say, 'Have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.'"

"That is a sad mistake, dear; if you indulge yourself in the continuance of this careless habit while young, it will be very likely to continue with you through all your life, producing the discomfort of those nearest and dearest to you."

"I do like, mother, to see you so particular and orderly; I know we should have bad times in the house if you

left things about as I do ; but really it is very disagreeable to be with a girl who is so careful. Now whenever Louisa comes here to dine, she will hang all her clothes up in one place, and tie her gloves on to her bonnet-string ; it is being so old-maidish I get sick to death of it, and almost have the mind to throw them down after she has put them up."

"And yet, Ellen, I do not believe Louisa keeps her father waiting while she is searching for her various articles of dress, scattered about the house and yard, or loses a pleasant visit through such carelessness. Perhaps it would be well for you to take care of the India-rubber now, while you think of it."

Ellen ran off and restored the missing shoe to its place, caring little however except for the loss of her ride ; such things were almost of daily occurrence with her, and made too little impression. She was sometimes sorry for the trouble she caused her friends by this careless habit of leaving things about ; for she was an affectionate, generous girl ; still she was too heedless to attempt to correct herself. But when the more sober years of life had come, she had to look back with unavailing regret upon many painful consequences of this bad habit ; mournfully recalling the inconvenience or the sorrow she had caused to those, on whose ear her words of penitence could never fall. Alas for her ! that she did not believe what her mother told her, but waited for the severe teaching of experience. Our accustomed fault may seem, at the moment, as but a trifling one ; yet could we look into the future, and see how it may injure our own characters, or wound the feelings and affect the

happiness of others, we should shrink with aversion from such trifling faults.

Ellen came in from school one day, her eyes red with weeping, and so much troubled that when her mother inquired the cause of her tears, it was long before she could recover herself sufficiently to speak. At last she related to her how disturbed she had been by the remarks of one of the girls.

"Why, mother, Lucy Townsend said that she heard a lady say in her parlor, that it was astonishing you should keep so dirty a house, and she thought people had better wear their shabbiest clothes when they visited you. Lucy was offended with me, because she thought I liked to study my Latin with Emily, rather than with her, and so she said this to me before all the girls. If she had said anything against me, I should not have cared; for Lucy often makes rude observations to the girls; but to think she should say this of my own dear mother!" said the affectionate girl, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, and breaking into a new flood of grief.

George came in at this moment and saw her emotion. He was tenderly attached to his sister, though, with boyish caprice, he did like to tease her now and then. But when he saw her really troubled, he inquired the cause with much concern. Mrs. Seward related what had occurred, adding,

"However, as long as Ellen knows this is not the case, and that my house is in good order, I think it not necessary for her to feel so unhappy about it; if it were at all true she would have better reason for feeling so."

"I'll see to it!" said George, entering with ardor into his sister's feelings, but more indignant than she was;

"I'll find out what it means, and see who dares to speak so of my good mother. They shall beg her pardon for such a falsehood, or they shall suffer for it."

"No, my son, no, it does not harm me to be unjustly spoken of, but it does injure you to exercise any feelings of revenge. Let it pass, and perhaps soon we shall discover the origin of such a story, and prove to the person that it is a mistake."

"Well, at any rate I shall ask Jim Townsend this afternoon where his sister picked up such a piece of slander; I think it is most probable she made up the whole herself. If she did, I'll warn the boys against having anything to do with her."

"Oh no! George, I do not think she did; for though Lucy says unkind things to the girls, I never knew her to tell a falsehood; that would be too mean and disgraceful."

"Somebody has told one, that's plain enough," said George, his eye still flashing indignation at the incivility offered to the parent, who was to him the living reality of all that was beautiful and lovely; "and I shall ask Jim about it; so, mother, do not tell me I must not."

"Keep your temper, my boy, when you talk with him; for I would not have you unjust to him while you try to do justice to me."

The children could not rest till they had made their father and Mary partners in their feelings; and were rather dissatisfied that he smiled a little over their earnest recital, and that Mary was not so overwhelmed as they had been. She reposed with confidence so entire in the belief of her mother's perfection, that she did not suppose there could be any other opinion about her, and treated this as mere child's talk.

"It is not worth thinking of," said she, "for nobody could ever have said it in earnest of mother, nor even in jest; it must have been some one else who was meant."

George swallowed his dinner with rather more speed than usual, thought his pie would taste better after school, and shaking his head on one side, in a manner significant of fixed resolve, as he exchanged glances with Ellen on leaving the table, darted out of the dining-room, and was at school before any of the other boys appeared. James Townsend did not come in till after school had begun, and therefore he was obliged to restrain his impatience for some hours. As soon as they were dismissed, he told him the whole affair, and asked what it meant.

"Pooh!" said James, "nothing but a girl's quarrel; 'tis not worth while to trouble ourselves with their tattle; we shall have enough to do if we are to mind their nonsense."

"Nonsense it may be," said the eager boy, "but I choose to have it cleared up; so come, tell me if you know anything about it."

James, who was a good-tempered, gentlemanly boy, was very reluctant to say anything of it; he despised scandal and quarrelling, and was really grieved that his sister should have done so foolishly; but finding his friend growing more and more impatient he told him the facts. It appeared that Lucy had really heard what she reported at school; a lady calling upon her mother one morning, inquired if she were acquainted with Mrs. Seward; Mrs. Townsend replied that they were on most friendly terms, and expressed strongly her affection for her. The visitor was one of that numerous class of gossips, that enjoy hearing and repeating the insignificant

details of others' affairs; if she heard a story to some one's discredit, which she did not believe to be true, she gave currency to it as speedily as possible by inquiring of all with whom she happened to converse whether they thought it to be so, or had ever heard anything of it; almost unconsciously indulging a little secret hope that they might confirm the report.

"Then perhaps you can tell me," continued the gossip, "how much truth there is in the report, which is pretty widely circulated, that Mrs. Seward has an exceedingly dirty house, so much so as to be a great mortification to her husband."

Mrs. Townsend started in surprise at such a groundless story, remarking that she almost scorned to defend her friend from such evident slander, and wondering that any body could repeat it. The visitor however represented it as so common a report, that Mrs. Townsend, the first emotion of surprise over, inquired how such a story could have arisen. Her informant said she had it from her next neighbor, whose cook had it from Mrs. Green's nursery-maid, and Mrs. Green had been told by Miss Hill, whose niece had said to her that one of her cousins called at Mrs. Seward's new year's morning, and that it was to her cost, for she entirely ruined a new silk pelisse by sitting in a greasy chair. Though Mrs. Townsend despised this tattling, she thought best to inquire into its origin, and correct such falsehoods; hoping to prevent their farther propagation, she called next day on the owner of the pelisse. But Lucy, who had the very mischievous habit of repeating among her school-companions conversations she heard in the family circle, sent the story to precisely the place her mother wished it should not reach.

George returned from school boiling with anger against the Hills, the Greens, cooks, cousins, nieces, scandalizing visitors, all tattlers in general, and Lucy Townsend in particular. He told the whole to the assembled family at tea-time, declared his intention of finding out the name of the owner of the pelisse, and sending her such a letter that she would not be likely to enter their doors again.

"Softly, my boy," said his mother, looking very grave, "perhaps there is more foundation for such a story than you think."

At this moment the door opened and Mrs. Townsend entered; she seemed embarrassed, and said that she had come on an unpleasant errand.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Seward, greeting her cordially, "do not be disturbed on my account, my good friend; we shall have to pity poor Ellen, whose sad habit of putting things anywhere but in their proper places has caused all this. As soon as George mentioned new year's morning, I remembered what occurred then. Ellen was going out with me, and before we came down stairs I gave her a lamp to carry to the kitchen; she stopped on her way in the parlor for something, and there left the lamp on a chair, instead of carrying it where requested. Maria went soon after into the room, and finding the lamp tipped over in the chair, carried it away, and was preparing some needful article to remove the grease, when a lady called at the door. Catherine admitted her by mistake, thinking we were at home; doubtless she was so unfortunate as to sit in the oily chair during the few minutes she was in the room."

All eyes were turned on Ellen, who grieved, mortified, confused, hurried off to her chamber.

"Ah me!" said George, "I did not imagine that Ellen's carelessness was at the bottom of all this fuss. Poor thing! I must go and console her, or she will cry her eyes out;" and away to her chamber he went to say some soothing words.

The lesson she received from the lamp made more impression on her than any thing ever had before; and many a good resolve uttered its sacred voice in her heart; but these resolves were not accompanied by that strict watchfulness over her conduct, which was needed to remove a habit so long indulged. "This must have been from Ellen's carelessness," was often said in the house when things were found misplaced and ruined; and it must be confessed the remark was generally true.

There was one object on which Ellen lavished the affectionateness of her nature; this was the little Emma, her eldest sister's only child; a beautiful blue-eyed, flaxen-haired darling of not quite three years, whose rosy cheek dimpled into a smile whenever she saw "Aunt Elly" coming. To carry her to walk in the sunny days, to repeat Mother Goose's invaluable store of rhymes to her, to rock her to sleep, to dress her doll, or make an apron for the cosset herself were Ellen's greatest pleasures; and the little one responded to this fondness by the most endearing wiles, and the evident preference of her young aunt to any other companion.

"I have brought Emma to pass this afternoon with you," said Mrs F. entering the room where Mrs. Seward and Ellen were sitting; "shall I leave her here, mother, with Ellen while you and I go out?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Ellen, with great alacrity; "Totty and I will have grand times while you are away."

Then kissing her pet, she hastened to lay aside the tiny coat and bonnet, and to gather the store of play-things with which aunt and niece usually entertained each other. The mother and grandmother left many injunctions that no harm should come to the child, which were answered by the most positive assurances of carefulness on the part of Ellen.

After driving horse till both were tired, and playing hide-and-seek till all the hiding places of the room became quite well known, undressing and dressing again waxen and rag babies, it occurred to Ellen to make a new dress for one of the dolls. Emma sat watching her busy fingers, very much interested for a while in its progress: before the work was completed, however, a company of soldiers with their exciting music disturbed this quiet occupation, and the work was thrown down and forgotten. Another game of hide-and-seek followed; and while Ellen hid her face in a chair that Emma might hide in some very secret place, the little one took off her shoes that she might tread the more softly. A sudden cry of pain from her, called Ellen to her side in a moment; the child, her sweet, blue eyes overflowing with tears, and the expression of acute suffering in her face, lifted one of her little feet and sobbed bitterly; Ellen drew off her sock, and looked in vain for any bruise; she pressed kiss after kiss on the wounded, pink heel, soothed the troubled child by all gentle endearments, till the grief sighed itself away, and sleep gently closed her eyes while the last tear-drop glistened on her cheek. When the mothers returned she related the circumstance; they supposed a slight sprain from twisting the foot might have caused the pain; and as Emma was still

sleeping, her mother left her, saying she would send her straw-carriage. She waked just in time to be deposited in it, with a whole shower of kisses and many hopes from Ellen that she might feel no more pain in her pretty trotter.

A severe storm for two or three days prevented the usual intercourse between the families; on the afternoon of the third day, Ellen thought to finish the doll's dress which she was making during Emma's last visit. She could not at first find it, as was generally the case with anything of her own which she wished to use; after a time she remembered picking it up from the floor after her niece went home; and tossing it, with some other things on the closet shelf, where it never belonged. She drew it out in a tumbled condition, and sat down near her mother to finish it.

"Here is my needle all threaded and ready for the next stitch, which those soldiers interrupted," said she; "if Tottie come here tomorrow she shall find the dolly wearing it. But what is the matter here? My needle will not go through! I declare the point is broken! Full half the"——

Here she was interrupted by a loud call from the entry of, "Mother! Mother! where are you! Sister Eliza wishes you to come there this moment; she and Mary are half frightened out of their wits."

"What is the matter, my son?" said Mrs. Seward, hastening to meet George, who was running up the stairs almost breathless.

George explained to her that Ellen's foot was very lame; her mother thinking it a sprain, had rubbed and bathed it, but it had become more painful, so that she

was quite unwilling to stand upon it, or touch it to the floor; and that Mary, who was staying with her began to fear that a needle was in it. He had gone in at the moment they were speaking of it; in great alarm, they had requested him to hasten for their mother, whose advice was always invaluable to them. A pang, sharper than the piercing of needles, shot through Ellen's heart, as she looked at her broken needle and remembered Emma's scream of pain, while her work had been carelessly thrown upon the floor when the martial music sounded. She said not a word, but, hiding her face in her hands, sat down in a corner while her mother prepared to visit the grand-child.

"I will send you some message, dear," said her mother kindly, "unless I return soon;" then kissing her in a manner which evinced how much she pitied her for her cause of self-reproach, she left the room, and Ellen was alone with the bitterness of her feelings. Oh! wearily crept on the moments of solitude and anxiety; she listened for returning footsteps the moment her mother left the house, though at least an hour must intervene before any one could come back to her; she looked out from the window, but she could not bear to see so many people walking by unconcernedly as if little Emma had never been hurt; she went to the kitchen, but the kind inquiries of the good domestics were agonizing to her conscience; she took a book to read, but could not fix her thoughts upon a word, and laid the book away; she took her work, but how could she touch a needle? So all attempts at occupation proving vain, she sat quietly down and filled the moments with painful thoughts.

After dark she heard the front door opened slowly, as

if moved by one who was in little haste to communicate information ; her heart throbbed so violently that she felt unable to move ; restless as she had been in her desire to hear, she seemed now rooted to the spot, only dreading lest a voice should announce to her the reality of her worst imaginations. Her father's kind summons, "My daughter, come down," gave her a moment's re-assurance ; hastening to the parlor, she rushed towards him as if to ask some question ; but found no word, and vented her overcharged heart in sobs and tears. With all a father's tenderness, he soothed her excited state, told her that her mother thought there was a needle in the foot, but that as nothing could be done about it till morning, she wished her to remain at home. He said nothing of the surgeon, or the probabilities of the operation ; but her imagination supplied all, and much more than all, that was wanting in his words.

She thought only of the present pain of the dear child ; but the event proved still worse ; the surgical operation failed to remove the evil, and Emma's incurable lameness became to her a constant memorial of self-reproach. She was deeply distressed to see the suffering she had caused, but had no ability to relieve ; and when, after some months of pain, it was found that the bounding step and elastic freedom of the little darling must always give place to the uneasy gait of a crippled limb, then Ellen felt the full force of the injury she had done. Could tears of repentance have remedied the disease, that little foot would have sped as lightly as before ; but, alas ! the serious mischief we often cause by our trifling faults remains to grieve and warn us. The active sports, the merry run or slide, the skipping-rope, the hoop, the grace-

ful dance, in none of these amusements as years fitted her for their enjoyment, could Emma join; with shortened limb and impaired strength she watched the sportive movements of other children. Though of a buoyant, happy temper, the sigh would sometimes escape from her when, amid the freedom of her young companions, she found herself fettered by a bond never to be broken. With the exquisite, instinctive delicacy of a disinterested, affectionate heart, she appreciated Ellen's sufferings on her account, and never referred to the cause of her lameness. Instead of alienating their affections or causing distrust, it united the two young hearts more closely together; this consciousness of an irreparable injury done on the one part, and of the deep mental anguish endured by the injurer being tacitly recognized, each became indefatigable to lighten the other's burden.

We cannot but suppose that Ellen strove to correct that which had already caused so much misery. But her later years may shew how remains of a wrong habit still lurk in our actions, working our own and others' unhappiness.

H. E. S.

[To be continued.]

"A FRIEND IS THE MEDICINE OF LIFE."

"Now, Grandpapa, will you tell me something more about yourself when you were a little boy."

"I was just thinking, William, of myself as a little boy, when I saw you and your cousin sitting together in the

same chair reading from the same book, and I will tell you what it reminded me of. I had a friend that I loved as much as you love your cousin; and one day my mother said to me, I hope, William, that you and James will continue to be friends when you are grown-up men. I had never then thought much about really being a man myself, nor could I think of my little funny playmate as being one; all I knew was that we loved each other very much and never liked to be apart, and when my mother said this, it made me very thoughtful, for I then imagined James and myself as being men, able to do the same things that our fathers did. My mother observed that I had attended to what she said, and she talked a great deal to me, and said she hoped we should love each other to the end of our lives. To be sure we shall, I answered; my mother said it was not certain, but I insisted that we should, and felt very much like crying at the thought that the time could ever come when we should not be friends, nor did I believe it possible.

James and I were always together; in the early spring we picked the first buttercups; and how often have we sat on the grass together picking dandelions, putting them into water that we might see their stems curl up into pretty ringlets! There was not a wise or a silly thought that came into either of our heads, but out it came as soon, to the other, and it seemed as if we were one, with the happiness of two. I remember very well all that my mother said to me about my love for James."

"Then you must tell me, Grandpapa," said William.

"Yes, I will tell you, for I believe you are able to understand it, and it may do you as much good as it did me. My mother said to me, that the only way in which James and I could be sure of always loving each other,

was by each trying to make ourselves worthy to be loved ; to do all that we could to make ourselves great and noble ; that if we were selfish we could not love each other much. But if we both tried to become as good as we could, we should find ourselves always together, always on the same road, always looking after the same beautiful flowers, always willing to mount up the steep hills to find more beautiful prospects. Oh how pleasant this sounded to me, and how happy I felt at the thought of always loving James, and at always being so good that he would always love me, and I well remember determining in myself that I would never do anything that James should be ashamed of, that he should always have a reason for loving me. After I had had this talk with my mother I seemed to be happier than ever in my love for James. It was not long after this that James and I had to separate ; this was a terrible time to both of us ; I felt so miserably that I thought I should never wish to laugh again, that I could not possibly be happy without my friend ; but in a day or two, I felt better, and comforted myself with writing him a letter, and thinking over the pleasant times we had had, and should have when we met again ; and then I recalled what my mother had said to me and determined I would bear his absence like a man, that I would attend to all my duties, and show by my conduct that I was fit to be a real friend. Very soon I received a letter from James and this made me so happy that my days were nearly as joyful as when James was with me, for I was always thinking of him, and remembering his funny sayings, and doings. It was a long time after this before I saw James again ; we were both at school, and both good scholars ; when we did meet we had both changed very much in our looks ;

but the love we had for each other, soon came out, and made us acquainted in spite of our altered appearance, and we began talking over old times, till it seemed as if no time had passed since we parted ; and now we talked just as much as we used to, only upon different subjects, and instead of curling dandelions, capped verses.

James had come to pass some weeks with me, but we had not been together a great while before I felt that there was something about him that did not belong to him ; a something that prevented my feeling so near to him as I used to ; I could not tell what it was, for he was very kind to me, and very talkative, and yet I did not feel that perfect happiness in his presence that I expected to. At last one evening when we had returned from a walking and were sitting out of doors for a chat together, he took from his pocket a cigar and began smoking, and asking me if I ever did such thing ; I told him no, that it was very disagreeable to my mother, and so I had never learned to smoke ; and I added that I thought his mother disliked it too very much. ' Oh yes,' said he, ' she can't bear it, but then you know she is not obliged to know that I smoke.' As soon as James said this, that feeling that I could not account for, was all explained. I felt so badly at first that I said not a word ; he saw I did not approve of him, and asked what was the harm of smoking. I told him I was not thinking about the smoking, but I should not think he would wish to do any thing that he had to hide from his mother ; that if I smoked I would smoke before my mother, or at least she should know that I did so. James defended the deceiving his mother, and I soon saw that he and I had very different notions upon the subject of truth, and now for the first time I felt separated from him, I felt that we were no longer upon the same road, no longer plucking the same flowers, and I understood more fully what my mother had

said to me. But I was not going to give up this dear friend because he was wrong, so I honestly told him all I thought of his indulging in this habit and hiding it from his mother ; he thought I was over nice, and very unlike other young men, and then began to talk about other things. I talked with him but my heart was not in any thing I said, I felt as if I had no heart now, for James was no longer there as he used to be. Soon after this we were separated again, and then I felt what I had not before, that we were indeed apart. It made me very unhappy when I thought of James, my thoughts were so different now from what they were when we parted before, and time did not lessen my unhappiness as it did then. But I still remembered my duties to him ; and my mother helped me to feel right ; I wrote to him as I used to, and let him see that I loved him, though in a different way ; and he would sometimes write to me, but I never felt sure about him, because I thought if he would deceive his mother I could not depend upon him ; still I always hoped that he would remember what I said to him that evening, and that he would return to his truthful life ; and I never gave up the belief that James and I should again know the great pleasure of being as one in friendship. There was a favorite hill where we used to go at sunset when we were together as boys, and here I always went, after we were separated, to enjoy the recollections of our pleasant lives. I was on the summit of this same hill one evening, (a year after James and I last parted) when I saw some one at the foot coming slowly up ; after the first glance I saw it was James ; I went down to meet him ; as soon as I had shaken hands, a glow came into my heart as if I had looked straight into his ; he put his arm within mine, and said, William we are friends again ; what you said to me a year ago roused me from a state of mind which would have been my ruin had I

gone on in it. I have given up smoking, and drinking, and what is more, I have made a solemn vow that my mother shall never more be treated like an enemy by me; for she would die any day to serve me." O how my heart leaped when I heard these words, how closer than ever was James to my heart; and now we were again one; again climbing the same hill; again looking at the same glorious prospect; again feeling that nothing could separate us, that death would not, nor anything but wrong doing. How I rejoiced that I spoke out the whole truth to him, and cared more for doing him good than for saving myself the pain of hurting his feelings."

"Are you friends now, grandpapa?" said William.

"I believe we are, William, but he is now in the world of spirits altogether, and I only in part." s. c. c.

[The following beautiful extract from one of the Essays of St. Schutze, forms an appropriate introduction to the tale of the Chapel in the Forest.

"How agreeable is the surprise when we suddenly see before us in a rough wild country, a friendly church! It is like a flower-garden in the wilderness, revealing the care of unseen hands. Did the mountains furnish the idea of this pleasant object? Did the inhabitants of the forest contribute this asylum of the soul, this house of consolation? Who shed the light upon this wilderness? The storm which whistles through the fir-trees is now turned to melody. It harmonizes with human voices, and rises towards the sky in solemn majesty, like a pledge for heaven. Sweetly and joyfully all hearts unite in gushing song! What repose steals over the active energies! How men retire within themselves! What thought! What resignation! What hope! They no more belong to themselves, but to one another. Their thoughts and feelings search for a higher object. The discord of life is suspended. All their wishes are reconciled in peace; the warfare of earthly passions is hushed; the rigid nerves are relaxed; the eye looks milder; rudeness is transform-

ed into gentleness, anger into placability. What a change has come over them! They are no longer the same men whose rough manners, whose harsh uncultivated feelings kept others at a distance from them. What has produced this miracle among them? Religion, faith, illumination, assistance from above has visited them. They feel their dependence upon a higher, a more powerful Being, whom they fear whenever they disturb the order of His government, whom they trust whenever their path is straitened, and to whom they resign themselves entirely. In all which they now perform, they seek a higher association, they arrange themselves as fellow-members of a great world-order, and become the ministers of a holy will, while struggling they feel that they are led, they pursue their path with cheerfulness, and look forward to its joyful termination—thus they march forward to eternity.]

THE CHAPEL IN THE FOREST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

CONRAD EHRLIEB was a handsome blooming youth, full of life and health; he had thoroughly mastered the trade of a coppersmith, and been now for three years upon his travels. Decently dressed with a heavy wallet on his back and a knotty walking stick in his hand, he was at this time passing on a warm summer day through a thick forest, and lost the right path. After wandering in the woods hither and thither for nearly two hours, he at last no longer knew how to go on or get out. The sun was already near setting when he at length saw the steeple of a little chapel emerging from the dark fir trees, gilded with its golden beams. He went towards it and soon came upon a well trodden foot-path, which brought him to the chapel standing alone in the forest upon a beautiful eminence.

His father had given him this good advice, "Never pass by an open chapel when time and circumstances allow of thy entering it, for it is erected to the worship of thy

Creator, and the steeple resembles an outstretched finger pointing up to heaven. Wherefore shouldst thou permit an opportunity to go by thee unimproved, for lifting up thy heart to heaven and prostrating thyself before thy great Benefactor? By so doing thou mayest also easily enjoy the sight of some picture or other work of art, which will give thee pleasure and enlarge thy heart, or perchance thou mayest read some holy proverb, which will impart to thee comfort and courage, and confirm thee in goodness."

Conrad thought of this admonition of his father, and entered the open chapel. The dark vaulted roof, the grey wall, the small windows with little round shutters, and the ancient altar, carried him some hundred years back into past ages. The deep stillness which reigned in this place consecrated to God, invited him to devotion. He knelt down on the furthest stool next the door, and prayed some time. But before he took up his wallet again, he walked forwards to the altar, to contemplate more nearly the altar-piece, which appeared to him a respectable memorial of ancient art. He there noticed in the oratory which stood before the altar, a small neat prayer book, bound in red moroco leather and decorated with a gold clasp. He opened the little volume, and stood still upon the spot, petrified with astonishment. For in the beginning of the book, upon its first white leaf, he read his own name—written with his own hand. It seemed to him as if he were looking at the letters only in a dream, and he could hardly believe his eyes.

He turned over the leaves—: His cherished frontispiece—the divine Friend of children blessing the little ones, certain prayers and a number of well known rhymes contained in the volume, appeared in aid of his memory. "Yes," he said, deeply moved, "this little book was once mine, this name was written by my hand.

I wrote just so while I still went to school. But how in the world this book could have come here, to this lonely chapel, in the centre of a thick forest, is indeed past my comprehension.

A thousand remembrances of his childhood were called forth. An overpowering longing after his beloved relatives awoke in his heart; warm tears flowed down his cheeks. "O blessed, gracious God," he exclaimed, and knelt down by the oratory, "what excellent parents thou gavest me! what happy days we children once passed in our father's house! Oh how blest I then was, when our most kind and affectionate mother sat at her work table, while we children stood whole hours by her side, and she told us about Thee and Thy dear son—then too our good and upright father, after being employed the whole day with the business of his office came home at evening, and entertained and instructed us with all kinds of agreeable, and often wonderful narratives, while I and my little sister used to play together in the beautiful garden which was by the house, or employ ourselves in all sorts of light garden work, to the delight of our parents!—But the horrible war drove all of us long ago from our dear home and separated us from each other. Alas! our good mother died long since in misery, and her faithful hand, from which I received this little book, is already mouldered in the grave. It is now many years since I heard a word from my good father, and sorrow has probably hurried him to the grave before his time. Where my poor sister is wandering—whether she be still alive, and how it fares with her, I know not. Separated from all my dear connexions, I now live alone in the world. Thou only, all wise, all powerful God! knowest whether my father and sister yet live. Oh, if either of them still survive, bring us again together. Merciful God, have pity on me! fulfil, even now, the prayer which my father of-

ferred up to thee the last time I saw him; grant the parting blessing which, believing in thee, he gave me with his farewell."

In this manner Conrad continued to pray for a long time. At length he arose, "I do not venture," said he, "to carry away the book. I am not sure that I ought now to consider it as still my property. In the mean time it is certain that some one left it laying here and will probably return for it before night-fall. It will be best for me to wait here for a time. Perhaps I may obtain some intelligence concerning many things."

Deep in thought he sat down in a corner of the chapel, and began to read in the book. But he had scarcely finished two pages, when a neat, modest, well-dressed maiden, about sixteen years old, reverently entered the chapel, stooped down, and said aloud with a sigh, "Heavens! It is no longer here—there is nothing which I would not have lost more willingly." She prayed for a few minutes devoutly kneeling before the altar, and then prepared to retire.

At that moment Conrad stepped forward with the book in his hand. She had not noticed him before and was surprised. But he said with a modest air, "Probably you left this book here, Miss."

"Yes!" she joyfully replied, as she saw it in his hand, "the name is in the beginning, Conrad Ehrlieb."

"You seem to value this book highly," said Conrad, "may I ask, why? The name of Conrad Ehrlieb is no stranger to me. I can give you certain intelligence of him, young lady."

"If you can," she said, "you will make me unspeakably happy. This Conrad Ehrlieb is very near to me. Many travellers have insisted that they had seen him here or there; but alas, their information has never been confirmed."

"I must however," she continued, "briefly tell you somewhat of my own history. You will ascertain from it whether you are acquainted with the same Ehrlieb. My father held an office on the other side of the Rhine. War and the occupation of the country by the enemy, compelled him to leave our dear father-land. His prince, who had also lost all, was unable to support him any longer. The situation of my good father was very sad. My mother died of grief and poverty. Her loss was doubly felt by my father, as two children, my brother and myself, rendered it very difficult for him to travel about in the search of business. A townsman, belonging to the place where my mother died, who was an excellent coppersmith and had no children of his own, offered to take my brother for the present. I travelled with my father to a very great distance. Suddenly he too fell ill, and unexpectedly died in a few days. I was then a child of six years old, still too young to feel the extent of my loss. The kind hearted wife of one of the citizens took compassion on me, and received me into her house. It will now soon be ten years since my father died, and I have never in that time heard a word from my brother. Upon the night of his death, my father implored the innkeeper in whose house he died, to inform my brother of his decease, and give him his last blessing; and also to entreat the benevolent coppersmith to supply the place of a father to the poor orphan. This kind father in the midst of his mortal weakness, still wrote with a trembling hand upon a leaf of his pocket book, the name of the town, and that of the person with whom my brother then was. But unfortunately the paper was lost. It fell into the hands of a maid who could not read, who, in clearing the apartment of the deceased, tore it in pieces and threw it away as useless. Alas! thousands of times have I thought of my brother. We inquired after him in all

directions, but all inquiries were in vain. This book is all that remains to me of him. Though I did not receive it from his hand, yet as his name stands in it written by himself, it is on that account valued by me as a most precious keepsake. I found it at the bottom of a little chest which contained our few effects. When my father left my brother behind and took out the articles of his clothing, this small volume was overlooked, and so it remained in my hands."

Conrad, whose eyes had long been filled with tears, now cried out in the deepest emotion, and with a trembling voice, "O God, how wonderful are thy ways! Is it not true, dear child, that your name is Louisa?"

"Yes," she replied with wonder, gazing on him with fixed eyes, "Louisa Ehrlieb is my name."

"O welcome to me a thousand and a thousand times, dearest sister," he cried. "See, it was I who wrote those lines; this is my name, I am in very deed your brother, Conrad Ehrlieb."

At this unexpected reunion, the sister was almost beside herself. The brother was not less overpowered. Both stood for a while speechless. At length they burst into tears of joy, and with pious emotion embraced each other in the tenderest manner before the altar.

After they had recovered from the first rapture at beholding one another again, and were in some degree composed, the brother said, "Oh my dear good sister, I still remember well how I parted from you. A stranger lady of rank, who was fleeing like our father, and had like him two children with her, offered to carry you to the next city, and as there was no room for him in the conveyance, our father intended to follow on foot. Even now I remember how pleased you were in being admitted to ride in a coach, and how I wept when father lifted

you into it. At that time you were very small, and I have always thought of you since as a child. In the mean while, you have grown quite large and look very healthy and blooming. I should not have known you again, dear sister. Ah! thank God that I have you once more. Ah!"

"Alas!" he continued, "my heart is full to bursting—with joy, at having found you again, most beloved sister, and with grief because what I have all along suspected is now confirmed—that our good father no longer lives. Oh! you cannot imagine how many sad hours were passed by the honest coppersmith who so kindly received me, and myself, when we obtained no letters from my father. But in the mean while, the skilful master taught me his trade, though I was often obliged to hear the reproaches which people cast upon him for having been so simple as to take me. My father, they said, had deceived him. He had not kept his word, that he would come and carry me away and perhaps pay my expenses. His only purpose had been to get rid of me, and thus wickedly forsake his own child. You may think how these speeches pained me, though I did not believe them. How indeed could I believe them? Ah! you too, well know how good and religious our dear father was."

"Yes, that he was," said Louisa, "I never shall forget how on the last night of his life, he caused me to be awoke and brought to his dying bed, and then blessed me, and you also, dearest brother. And he looked the while as solemn and devout, as if he were already glorified. The appearance of our good dying father will remain for ever in my soul."

"Ah!" said Conrad "just now, as I entered this chapel, our good father came before my mind in the liveliest manner. It seemed as if his venerable form was before my eyes, just as when for the last time, with a pale and

mournful countenance, he stood before me and bade me farewell. Yes! it seemed as if it had happened only yesterday, though so many years have since passed away. It was the very next morning after the day when you were carried away in the coach. On that morning father rose very early, that he might be on his way. I accompanied him as far as the next village. The door of the chapel stood open. From this circumstance he admonished me never to pass by an open church door. He entered with me. It was so early that no one was yet in the church. My father knelt down with me at the altar and prayed with tears, and I too wept and prayed. He then stood up and said, "Now, my dear Conrad, I have solemnly commended thee and our good Louisa to God, and given both of you wholly up to Him." Hereupon he counselled me always to keep God before my eyes and in my heart; at all times faithfully to follow the divine instruction of Jesus, and never to do any wrong thing. He said besides among other things, 'I shall probably not live long, and perhaps you now see me for the last time; but as soon as your circumstances shall permit, take your good sister home to you with brotherly regard.' He then required me to give my hand to him before the altar, as a pledge that I would do all he had told me. He next bade me kneel down, and with deep devotion he looked up to heaven and blessed me. Then he lifted me up, kissed me, gave me some money, and could scarcely utter the words, 'God be with you,' from anguish. As we came out of the church he looked on me once more, with eyes red through weeping, but full of inexpressible love and sadness, and sobbing, said, "So live, that we may meet again in heaven."—He then turned about quickly and hastened around the corner of the church, and from that moment I saw him no more!

That mournful parting rose again to my heart in this solitary chapel. I remembered the earnest prayer of our good father in that village church. It seemed as if I saw him kneeling still at the altar. I prayed with tears, that God would take pity on me and after so many years of mournful longing, at length permit me to hear some tidings concerning my dear father and you.—Oh what a comfort it is to me that my departed father did not forget me, but that even in death he so affectionately thought of me and blessed me.”

“Ah, the good dear father!” said his sister, who was almost dissolved in tears. “Oh, he is now in heaven, and his blessing visibly rests upon us his children.—Yes, dearest brother, it is indeed marvellous! There, before the altar of that church, our father took leave of thee; and here, before the altar of this chapel, we his two children find one another again. This is of God! He heard our father’s prayer in that church, and thine in this chapel. Thanks be to God, that you remained faithful to the exhortation of our departed parent and kept God before your eyes. Thanks be to God that you did not pass by this chapel—otherwise we might never have found each other again in this world.—Ah! come, let us kneel together before the altar, and praise God for having so happily brought us again together.”

They both knelt down before the altar, and in the fullness of their hearts, with warm tears, blessed God for his gracious guidance.

The brother then said to the sister, “But tell me, dearest, how in the name of heaven did you come here, and how could you venture so far into the forest?”—“We are not so deep in the forest as you suppose,” replied Louisa. “It is here almost at an end, and people are continually passing to and fro. The chapel has long been my

resort. In spring and summer, when the weather is fine, I almost always come here on Sunday afternoons, or even on other days when I can obtain a long evening. The road hither furnishes an uncommonly beautiful shady walk. A good friend of mine, the intelligent and amiable daughter of one of the citizens, almost always accompanies me. But to-day she had not time. That little volume there which is my favorite prayer-book, I almost always bring with me, though I can nearly say it by heart. A thousand times, dear brother, have I thought of you in this little church, and besought God that he would give you to me again. And even this prayer of mine was not in vain. By means of the trifling accident of leaving my dear book laying here, God verily brought me to my dear brother. The loss of my little book seemed to me no small misfortune, but now it becomes my greatest happiness."

"It was just the same with me," said the brother, "in my wandering in the wood. I was exceedingly troubled at having lost my way, and now how great is my joy at having recovered you! So is it ever; through suffering God leads the way to joy. But where have you been all this time, dearest sister?"

"At a quarter of an hour's distance from here," said Louisa, "on the other side of yonder small hill, lays Schonborn, a considerable market town. Here resides the excellent woman who received and brought me up. She was the wife of one of the citizens, but is now a widow and has no children. Her husband was a very wealthy merchant. She loved me exceedingly and treated me as if I had been her own child. But come, let us go to her immediately. Come, take your hat and stick. I will carry your wallet for you, as you must be very weary. Come, my foster mother will be delighted to see you."

They both proceeded on their way. The brother however would not allow the sister to carry for him his heavy wallet. Chatting cordially together they passed over the hill. When they arrived at her neat, well built and well arranged habitation, the good woman could not at first believe that the stranger youth was Louisa's brother. The curious flocked in numbers together. One said, "To be sure he is Louisa's brother, he looks just like her." Another shook his head and said, "Be careful, look well to it—who?—how?" But Conrad opened his pocket-book, and laid before them the certificate of his apprenticeship and the testimony of his parish priest—and then no one doubted any longer. And when the good woman first learned how the brother, and sister found each other, she melted into tears.

"I have always designed my house," she said, "for Louisa, and it shall remain hers if she continues as excellent and amiable as she has been hitherto, and does not degenerate and resemble those giddy girls who are bold in their dress and manners, and only know how to deck themselves out and run after vain amusements. But thou, good Conrad, shalt be assisted also. God has blest me with temporal riches, and I cannot spend them better than in rendering my fellow men happy. A coppersmith is just now wanted here. The former one died six months since, and his house is cheap; I will buy it for thee as soon as thou shalt produce a specimen of thy workmanship which shall be approved by the master and journeymen."

The good woman had said this in the joy of her heart; though when some of her relations, known to be rich people, yet more greedy for money than a beggar for alms, attempted to oppose her, she was so noble and steadfast as to keep her word. Conrad became one of the

most respectable citizens and worthiest householders in the place. Louisa too was happily married.

Conrad besides did not forget his good master. He not only wrote letters to him from time to time, in which he expressed the most grateful feelings, but he also proved his gratitude by deeds. When the worthy master grew old and could work but little, having been deprived of his wife by death and his property being greatly injured by the vicissitudes of war, Conrad determined to take him into his own family, and made a journey on purpose to bring him, ever treating him with the same reverence, affection and gratitude as if the good old man had been his own dear father. Louisa behaved with the same filial gratitude towards her foster mother. But the old people frequently said, "God indeed never blessed us with children of our own, but these adopted ones give us so much pleasure, that we could not have experienced more comfort and satisfaction if we had had children ourselves."

Together, the brother and sister caused the chapel in the forest to be repaired, and Conrad planted four linden trees on the beautiful hill upon which it stood. Also the old picture which had been highly praised by a skilful artist, but had become scarcely visible through age, was cleansed and retouched, so that it now appeared uncommonly beautiful. Every one who entered the chapel was charmed. It was beautifully pure and white, and the blue sky, with the green branches of the linden trees, smilingly glanced in through the windows which were as clear as a mirror. The one single altar glistened like white marble and was simply decorated with gilding. But the most beautiful ornament was the picture. The uncommon loveliness of the coloring and the grace-

fulness of the figure struck every one. It was a representation of the holy family. The holy virgin sat with her divine child on her bosom, at the entrance of her cottage, the walls of which were covered with a grapevine. Both parents looked full of tenderness on the child, and the child devoutly raised its clasped hands and looked heavenwards with inexpressible devotion. On one side appeared a table with female work, on the other some carpenter's tools, and beneath the picture was written in large gold letters, this couplet.—

Heaven's peace dwells in society
With union, toil and piety.

Bei Eintracht, Fleiss & Frominigkeit
Wolmt himmlische Zufriedenkeit.

EXHIBITION DAY AND PICNIC.

"MOTHER," said Stella, "will you not write a composition for me to read at school on Exhibition day?"

Mrs. Danton looked very seriously at her daughter, and then replied, "What could induce you to request such a thing of me, my child?"

"Because I wish to get the prize, if possible, which is to be given to the one in our class who shall write the best for that occasion. I know there is not one who, without assistance, can do better than myself; but I know *whose* mother will write a composition, that will, of course, be better than anything I can do alone."

"Be very careful how you intimate such a thing as that, Stella."

"I am careful, mother: but when I know that I used to be far before Elmira Nayson in writing compositions,

when I know that I am before her now in every thing else, when I know that the notes, which she sometimes sends to the girls, are full of errors, when I know that she cannot read and enjoy such books as I can—when I know all this, and something else which I have promised not to tell, is it unjust for me to suppose that her mother writes her school compositions?"

"And do you not think it wrong in her mother to deceive your teacher, and attempt to wrong and deceive you all?"

"But it would not be so wrong for you to write my composition, *now*, as it has been for her mother to write hers."

"I think it would be even more sinful in me. But why do you think otherwise?"

"Because, when Mrs. Nayson began to write for Elvira, we were all exerting ourselves to do our very best; and I was thought to be the best writer. If you should now write for me the prize would be given to the one most worthy of it: for I know you can write better than Mrs. Nayson, if I cannot; and the girls would all be glad if I could get the prize."

"But all the girls in your class, if not all in school, would suspect how you obtained it; and, my dear child, I would not lose the esteem of the youngest and simplest child of your acquaintance. Then there would be always remaining with me the consciousness that I was a deceiver; that I was a confederate with my own child in this wickedness; that she, who should look to me as an example for sincerity and truth, knew that I was a deceiver."

"But, mother, there would not be the deception in this case which you may suppose. I think that our teacher

suspects who writes Elvira's compositions ; that she knows that when left to ourselves I am much the better in every class than she is ; and, though she must give the prize for the best composition, she would be very glad if I could bring it to her."

"Why does your teacher request you to write these compositions?"

"She says the reason is, that we may be able to write correctly when we are older, and find it necessary to communicate with others, or for them. For we shall wish to correspond with our friends when absent from them ; and there are many other things we may wish to write, for we may also be secretaries of female societies, or teachers of schools, or placed in many situations where facility of communication, through the medium of the pen, may be of great advantage to us. She says also that this studied expression of thought improves us in the art of thinking ; that we reason and reflect more ; that in embodying our vague reveries into definite thoughts and expressions, we are learning to know ourselves more truly ; and that ideas, emotions and sentiments which we thought very good, or at least very justifiable, seem very different when we sometimes reduce them to writing. And she says more than this, which I cannot remember."

"Then you would omit all these advantages, which would be a great loss to you, besides the positive injury done by engaging in an imposture, if I should write for you. For, though the teacher and scholars might understand the affair, yet the ladies who are to award the prize would give it to neither of the little misses who brought to school their mamma's compositions. And, if you should receive it, could we either of us enjoy a prize gained in so dishonorable a manner ? Believe me that I

should look upon it as a badge of shame! If you are the best writer in your class let the consciousness of this fact be your reward. Let the knowledge of your ability to do in this respect better than your companions stimulate you to exertions to be their superior in every moral excellence, and let the feeling of inability to do a mean and unworthy action be cherished as of more value than any prize.

The time will come when you and Elvira may step forth into society, and be obliged to think and act without a mother's assistance. The nine-days' triumph of a school-girl's prize will be past and forgotten, and both will be judged by the qualities and attainments which you are now acquiring. As you sow now you will reap then; the character, which you are now forming, will gain for you then the esteem or contempt of the wise and good, according to its merit as good or evil.

Now, my dear child, go to your chamber; reflect upon what we have said, and then sit down, unaided and alone, and write your composition for exhibition day."

Stella kissed her mother, thanked her for her good counsel and watchful care of her, and then sat down to her task. "I will not write," said she, "upon *Sincerity*, though mother will expect me to choose that for my theme; for, in my present mood, I should say things that would be too personal—and am I, after all, better than Elvira?"

Exhibition day passed off finely. There was no little Miss in school who passed through the examination better than Stella. And her skill in worsted-work, in drawing and music, was the theme of many encomiums. Her wax-flowers also, which she had made, the white japonica and rose-buds, were much admired. The young ladies, in their white dresses, with blue badges, all practised

calisthenics, and, as they gracefully glided together into the room, made a very pleasing appearance. And none were more graceful, or correct in time and motion, than Stella.

But at length attention was requested to the compositions. Stella had chosen for her subject the words "*Deliver us from evil.*" It was short and simple. She told how much of evil was mingled with the good which abounds in the world, and how ignorant the oldest and wisest must often be of the dangers that surround them. How much more, then, are children in danger from many evil temptations and unknown snares. How guarded they should be, and how often should they utter the prayer, "*Deliver us from evil.*" How willing should all the young be to place themselves under the guidance of the old and experienced, and how anxious to obey their counsels, and avail themselves of their wisdom. Instead of disobeying parents, or receiving their admonitions heedlessly, their prayer should be to these kind friends, "*Deliver us from evil.*"

She alluded also to the evil that is within us—the propensities which may lead to error and sin—the temptations to do that which our conscience must condemn; and if we have a kind friend to warn and reprove, our gratified answer should be, "*Deliver us from evil.*" And the unkind thoughts, and passionate impulses, of which we are often sensible, though they may never attract the attention of another human being, are still known to *Him* who looketh into the secret chambers of the heart, and should prompt the constant prayer to Him, "*Deliver us from evil.*"

This was much liked, better than any other but Elvira's; and, when Stella saw the smile, ay, and the tear of approval, with which her mother listened to her little

essay, she felt far happier than if she had fraudulently obtained the prize.

Elvira read the *History of a Leaf*, from the day when it first peeped out, with its companions in the bud, to that when, withered and brown, it dropped upon the hard cold earth. Nor did she leave it there, for she told how the wind lifted it up, and bore it away, through many scenes of adventure, until it laid upon the surface of a stream; there it whirled and sailed and eddied about, and swam over foaming waterfalls, and through swift mill-streams, until a child upon the bank picked it out from amidst the rocks, and called it his little boat, and blew it around with his breath. Then he carried it home to his sister, and she took the dripping thing from him, and soaked away all but the fibre of the leaf, which she then dried and pressed, and placed in her herbarium.

Though written by an adult, yet the child's form of expression was so well preserved, that none but Stella and her friends suspected the real author, and the prize was awarded to Elvira.

A few days after this Stella sat with her book in her hand, but her mother observed that she dropped it with an abstracted air, and a troubled expression was upon her countenance.

"What are you thinking of, Stella?" asked Mrs. Danton.

"I was thinking, mother, of Elvira and her prize."

"But you do not envy Elvira, I hope, or regret that you took no unjustifiable measure to secure the prize to yourself."

"No, mother, I certainly do not; but I was thinking that Elvira and Mrs. Nayson are just as happy now, and were just as proud on exhibition day, as you and I should have been had I obtained it in an honorable manner. Now what makes them happy would make us feel

miserable and ashamed, and I was trying to think wherein we were happier than they."

"You would know," replied Mrs. Danton, "wherein we have the advantage in aiming at a high standard of right; when, as imperfect beings, we must often fall short in our efforts, and be unhappy through repeated failures, whilst the person with no standard, or a very low one, may, by constant adherence to their rule of right, possess always a calm, complacent, untroubled spirit. Now there is a knowledge of right and wrong which is the result of cultivation, and which discloses to us a volume upon which we cannot shut our eyes. And a knowledge, also, which is the result of experience, observation and reflection, which it is also as impossible to refrain from possessing. But you wish to know wherein we have the advantage over those who innocently possess a low and easily satisfied sense of duty."

At this moment a note was handed to Mrs. Danton, which read as follows:

"MY DEAR MRS. D.—My children are much disappointed that their father has been unable to gratify them, this vacation, with the anticipated visit to New York. Yours, I presume, are quite as sorry that the measles have prevented them from visiting their cousins in the country. As these disappointments have been so cheerfully borne, would it not be well to testify our approbation of their good feelings by some extra exertion for their gratification? I have thought of a juvenile picnic; and, if you sympathize with me, will meet you at your house, or my own, to adjust preliminaries. Yours truly.

C. FOSTER."

Mrs. Danton read the note to Stella, and said, as she rose to leave the room, "I will not forget the topic of our conversation, but will continue it ere long."